

HE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT IS COMING TO HIM.



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
257-259 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1846 WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1912  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months  
Payable in advance.

## Cartoons and Comments

### PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR WILSON.

Next week's issue of PUCK will contain a double-page portrait in color of the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

#### EDUCATED THEORIST OR SKILFUL KNAVE?

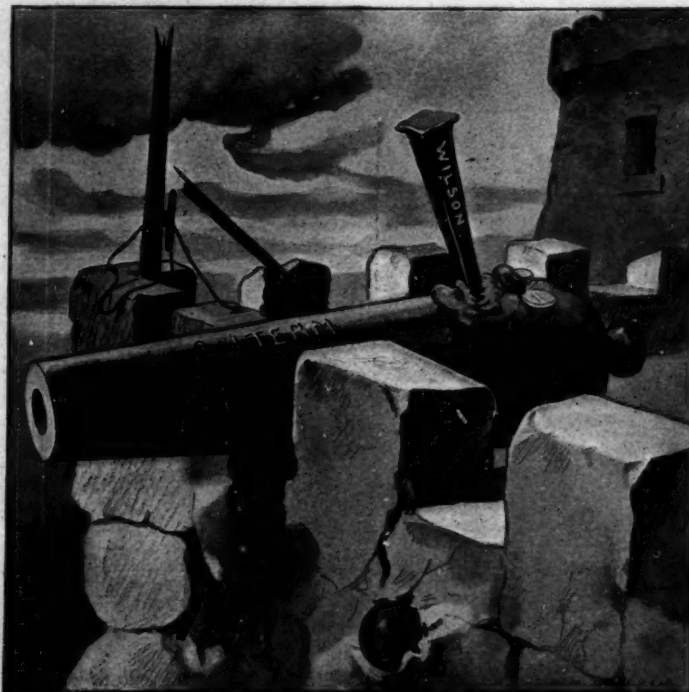
IT is a pleasure to announce that WOODROW WILSON's highest recommendation for the office of President comes from an uncompromising protectionist. Says WILBUR F. WAKEMAN, Secretary of the American Protective Tariff League: "I would rather deal with a skilful knave than with an educated theorist whose theory is wrong. If we should have a Democratic President, I would rather have MURPHY or CROKER than Governor WILSON." The devil, they say, can quote Scripture for his purpose, and even the Protective Tariff League, used as it is to disseminating information not wholly accurate, at times sees fit to blurt out frankly the truth. Dismissing the delicate, implied compliment to Messrs. MURPHY and CROKER, we may well believe that the beneficiaries of high protection would prefer a skilful knave in the White House to "an educated theorist whose theory is wrong." What makes WILSON's theory wrong in the eyes of the League and its secretary is the fact that he believes in it with all sincerity, and a sincere tariff revisionist, with firm convictions, a clear head, and ability to make the masses understand the buncombe of most protection arguments, is a man to be feared. "Undoubtedly," says the Democratic candidate, "the tariff is the center of the problem of the trusts and of the present cost of living. The minute you start from the center, the tariff problem, you go into the trust question." There you have "the educated theorist," and there you have, likewise, his educated theory—which is wrong! They are "wrong," both theorist and theory, because they mean something, and something unmistakable to tariff grafters. They are the views of a "theorist" because they state a fact in simple language, without qualification, without hedging. A "practical"

man in politics or a "skilful knave" would have both hedged and qualified, and therefore could have been regarded from Mr. WAKEMAN's point of view without alarm. Where the Tariff League is alarmed, however, the ordinary citizen may be undisturbed. He, we believe, disagrees with Mr. WAKEMAN and his associates, and would prefer in the White House an educated theorist to a skilful knave. And when he learns in some detail what constitutes the "wrong" in the WILSON theory—and Governor WILSON has a very convincing way of talking—we believe that the ordinary citizen will show no signs of trepidation. He may discover, indeed, that he himself is a good deal of a "theorist" on the tariff, and with Governor WILSON to "educate" him further, it may be hard



THE FATTED CALF.  
THE DEMOCRATIC PRODIGAL IS ON HIS WAY HOME.

He may discover, indeed, that he himself is a good deal of a "theorist" on the tariff, and with Governor WILSON to "educate" him further, it may be hard sledding in November for skilful knaves.



SPIKED!

UNDER the head of "High Cost of Living," the Democratic platform asserts that "no substantial relief can be secured for the public until import duties on the necessities of life are materially reduced." In committing itself thus, Colonel ROOSEVELT declares, the Democratic Party must either go back upon the pledge laid down in its tariff plank, or make an attempt to enforce it, which would ruin the country. How long, O Lord, how long? To what intolerable heights must the cost of living go before this bugaboo of ruin is laid low? It is idle to argue whether the high tariff on necessities is the sole cause of the high cost of living. It is a contributing cause beyond doubt, and he who opposes a reduction of the tariff on the ground that it would "ruin" the country simply argues that for supply to equal demand would be a public calamity.

# The Domicile of Content

I'm weary of country and all that it means,  
I'm sick of its atmosphere, sick of its scenes,  
I'm weary of horses and chickens and cows,  
Of an up-to-date barn and an out-of-date house;  
I'm tired of lacking both ice-box and ice,  
And drinking well-water has ceased to be nice,  
And I long for the city—a flat all complete—  
With a delicatessen-store right down the street!

The fresh country breezes—the scent of the hay—  
I'd rather smell auto-smoke any old day;  
And instead of the night-owl's lugubrious cry  
I want to hear trolley-cars clattering by;  
I want to get back where the nights are a-glare,  
And the sound of the traffic is filling the air;  
Ah, me, for a city flat, home-like and sweet,  
With a delicatessen-store right down the street!



A snug city flat, with a dumb-waiter shaft,  
With a janitor not too much bent upon graft,  
With a bath and a kitchenette showing some class,  
And a nice little, neat little stove that burns gas;  
With the "movies" near by, and a drug-store at hand,  
Oh, who could desire to go "back to the land"  
From a right little, tight little flat that is neat,  
With a delicatessen-store right down the street!

Berton Braley.



## TERPSICHORE HAS A FIT.

At the annual congress of the Academy of Dancing Masters, just concluded in Paris, M. Lefort was full of suggestions that mark him as the coming man in the pleasant diversion once happily known as "shaking a leg." According to M. Lefort, drawing-room dancing is now too much a light and frivolous amusement, whereas he considers it should be the expression of philosophical art, based on profound psychophysiological knowledge. And who carries with him in his little vest-pocket this psy.-phy. knowledge aforesaid? Who but M. Lefort?



For instance: "The Double Boston will be replaced by the Alopex, or Dance of the Fox. The stork hop, *Danse de la Grue*, is to be danced with many couples together imitating the land flight of the long-legged emblem of maternity. In the Badismos the dancers imitate the graceful bounds of goats." These are, says the Prof., esthetic and archaeological steps, combining the measures of ancient Greece with the imitation of the graceful movements of animals.

The graceful movements of animals are all right, but we decline to consider the goat, genus Harlem and Bronx, as the height of elegance in movement, unless the act of swallowing a tomato-can without mutilating the label could be so construed. The mountain goat that leaps from crag to crag is very well in his way, but it is certain that the goat dance would have to end with indiscriminate and painful butting, and that a collection of garbage would have to be served, if we were correctly to express the motifs of the American goat. More archaeological, we should say, than esthetic.

As for dancing based on sound psychophysiological knowledge, there seems to be a real opportunity for something new and startling.

How would it do to have the dancers interpret, for instance, G. Stanley Hall's two-volume treatise on *Adolescence*? Or let some graceful young lady render, in her own steps, Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Both of these are considerably psy.-phy., and the suggestion is hereby slipped over to M. Lefort without price attached.

Freeman Tilden.



## BY DEGREES.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT.—Here is my diploma, father. I'm an A.B. at last.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.—You are, are you, son? Well, hang up your hat, and we'll make an O.B. out of you!

The difference between a wit and a humorist is that a wit says things, while a humorist writes them.

THE CIRCUS PRESS-AGENT.

HE WRITES THE PICNIC NEWS.

THE Circus Press-Agent stopped over to see his old friend the Country Editor between trains, and found that individual head over heels in work. The Editor grabbed his hand, threw some notes concerning the picnic of the Bunktown Home Protective Association on his desk, and begged the agent's help. The notes indicated that there was a parade to the picnic grounds, led by the band, followed by some ladies riding on a bunting-bedecked hay-wagon, after which came the members on foot. During the afternoon James Jackson won the sack race; Judge Johnson the fat-men's race, Dick O'Brien climbed the greased pole; Mrs. Andy Jones won the ladies' nail-driving contest, and Hon. Silas Sanderson, candidate for Congress, spoke.

The Press-Agent scratched his head, bit his pencil, and caused the printer to have nervous prostration by the following description:

Yesterday ten thousand delighted men, women, and children crowded the streets to see the Bunktown Home Protective Association's Grand Free Processional Pageant. Positively and without fear of contradiction the most Imperial, August, Omnipotent, Super-eminently Gorgeous, Majestic, and Spectacular processional conclave that ever passed over the streets of this fair city. The very acme and idealization of marching Splendors. A gem-studded coronet illuminating and rectifying the entire State with its galaxy of coruscating brilliancy. Leading this consolidation of glorious visions came the world's famous Bunktown Concert Band of ten solo musicians arrayed in costly multi-colored costumes. Next came an elegant chariot of amplitude and Goliathan proportions, emblematic of the Birth of Liberty. Decorators were lavish in their efforts, tons of bunting and silken banners being used as a background for the visions of female loveliness with which it was freighted. Following this scintillating



LIBERTY.

AS SHE LOOKS TO A TOURIST ABOUT TO GO THROUGH THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

creation, which had been originated and conceived for Bunktown's especial delectation, came the members of the Protective League on foot, each wearing a garb of Barbaric Grandeur, Weird Magnificence, and Lavish Splendor. This Supremely Superb, Classically Bewildering Processional Caravan wended its way to the McMahan Pasture, where the annual picnic was held.

Here thousands gathered from all the counties round about, and here, beneath the ancient forest giants, the Hippodrome Sports and Pastimes of the Augustan Age of ancient Rome were reproduced. The first of these events was won by James Jackson, the now undisputed middle-weight champion sack-racer of the world.

In the second event a score of huge and ponderous bodies plunged down the track, lunging from side to side like the blood-sweating mastodonic behemoths of the Nile, but Judge Johnson with a burst of speed absolutely unprecedented carried away the prize in the fat-men's race.

After many had failed in the next event, Richard O'Brien, "aerialist premier," gave a supreme exhibition of dallying with death. High in mid-air upon a slender perpendicular support he gave his adroit and



BEFORE THE RUSH.

PRESIDENT PUNKINSVILLE AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—Now, there is just one thing we must be mighty careful about: To keep the tickets for our performance of "George Washington at Punkinsville" out of the hands of the speculators!

skilful performance. At the very top he grasped the dollar bill, then, swift as a meteor, this sensational artist dashed downward, oblivious to fear; hearts ceased to throb, minds became unsettled, but the hero with wonderful agility landed gracefully upon his feet at the foot of the greased pole.

The next event was a charming, *chic*, and delightful Parisian novelty which for simplicity, beauty, and quaintness is unrivaled. Seven exceedingly clever lady artists, beautiful as the fabled sprites of old, gave a performance of rare grace and exceptional excellence, expressive of the very poetry of motion. Madam Andrew Jones, however, by a dashing and daring finish, won first prize and claimed the pair of silk gloves offered by the Hub Mercantile Co. for the best lady nail-driver.

At 3.30 the Hon. Silas Sanderson, candidate for Congress, gave a stupendous free exhibition of pleasing oratory.

Thus ended the most grand, glorious, and all-conquering invincible picnic of the Bunktown Home Protective Association, whose limitless infinitude of splendors and attractions palsied the futile efforts of each and every competitor in the picnic field, and triumphantly elevated it to conspicuous prominence in the summer outing world. Thus this Association, always a foe to monopoly and the friend of the people, profitably instructing, pleasing, amazing, and harmlessly entertaining young and old, has opened up new avenues of recreation, filling a long-existing hiatus in public diversions.

Morris Anderson.

UNNECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE.

POSTMASTER (of Punk Hollow).—I see that a fust-class waiter in New York gets only twenty-five dollars a month, and out of that small sum he has to pay his omnibus.

EZRA HENHOUSE.—Hnh! Why don't he live close to his job an' walk?



SOME OF THE MORE PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE THIRD-PARTY NOMINATION.



THE INSIDE FACTS ABOUT KING CANUTE.

HE ORDERED BACK THE WATERS BECAUSE THE SCOWS OF THE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT WERE PASSING.

RUBAIYAT OF A SUFFRAGETTE.

YSELF a while did eagerly frequent  
Anti and Pro, and heard much argument  
About it and about, but evermore  
What entered one ear out the other went.

Of course I think we ought to vote—don't you?  
We Women need the ballot, that is true.  
We'd decorate the booths with flags and palms,  
And we could get up Voting Parties, too.

But still I think I'd rather go to Shows  
Than stupid Meetings where discussion flows.  
I'll ask George what he thinks about the thing.  
He knows about it all—he knows—he knows!

I've found that George just hates a Suffragette.  
He says, by Jove, he never saw one yet  
Halfway good-looking, or with any Style,  
And that a Woman's sphere 's the Home, you bet!

And then he said, if I'd give up the thing  
He'd just get me the swellest diamond Ring.  
I think his Arguments are simply fine,  
And I'm opposed to Woman's balloting.

Walter G. Doty.

WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

*I*t is ungracious to laugh at the shortcomings of other nations; yet also it is cheerful to note that all the sluggards do not "work" for the United States Government—that all the soldierers and dalliers are not in Uncle Sam's employ. For instance, the discovery made by a Chief of the French Post-office Department is wonderfully cheering somehow. This Chief had observed that the clerks in a certain district office were very lax in answering official communications. He decided to pay

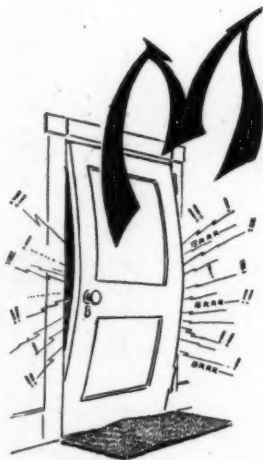
them an unexpected visit of inspection. When the Chief came in the clerks somehow managed to stand at attention and look as though nothing unbusiness-like were going forward; but all their desks were closed. The Chief ordered them to open the desks. They reluctantly complied. "Immediately," reports this serious-minded inspector, "there crawled forth quantities of snails, which went in all directions at surprising speed."

At surprising speed! The Chief probably meant at surprising speed considering the fact that they were snails. Just as the Postoffice employées were working at a good pace—considering the fact that they were in the employ of the Government—though it is true that there was another reason why the snails crawled so fast. "Inquiry elicited the fact that the clerks had trained the snails to race one another, and had been making book on the results." So, naturally, they had not picked the slowest of the snail family to enter in these sweepstakes.

This little game is now broken up, no doubt. Yet, while it lasted, there was something pathetically human about it. Consider the dreary routine of an office, where the sporting blood of the young men had recourse to snails, racing snails, to make the blood flow faster in their veins. They would doubtless have preferred frogs—jumping frogs—as a pastime, but that sport would have become too exciting, and exposure would have come sooner than it did.

It is rumored that in some of the departments at Washington the clerks have trained bacteria to race.

Who can conceive a more wretched person than a woman with a secret and no one to tell it to?



**V**irtue is its own reward, we are told, but most people think it should offer greater inducements.

MORE TANK DRAMA.



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, wants the luxurious bathroom, where Senators are now bathed at public expense, removed to make room for important public documents. He charges that it costs the nation six dollars every time a Senator is washed up. The voters in general will be surprised to learn this. They have been doing the handsome thing, these many years, by their representatives. They have made no great outcry at the dainty little perquisites that the Senate has construed to attend its official position. But they may be somewhat surprised to learn that the Sacred Persons have ceased to tub themselves at home, and have devoted part of a public building to their aquatic sports.

And yet, in some sense, the lavement of a United States Senator is a public document, possibly of importance equal to those documents now lying neglected (according to Mr. Williams) in an abandoned car-barn while the mermen of the Upper House disport themselves. As it stands, however, it is an incomplete document. Let us have more light on this subject. Have an inquiry into the whole matter. Not as to the expense; no, darn the expense! It is worth six dollars a throw to know that the persons of certain Senators can be kept clean, even if their records cannot. There may be Senators who, despairing of maintaining diplomatic relations with both Cleanliness and Godliness, have definitely chosen one to the exclusion of the other; and if the choice of these be Cleanliness, let us forbear to drive away what little good may come of it.

But what Senators use these baths and what Senators do not? That's a matter worth knowing. There may be some, like the immortal of the Lower House who recently inveighed against the scandalous and effete toothbrush, who can be led to the tub but cannot be made to jump in. And it would be interesting to know just what solvent effect the toilet articles have upon certain Senatorial reputations. All the perfumes of Araby could not cleanse one little hand of history; and ordinary means probably avail not against the muddy epidermis of such Senators as—could be mentioned.



THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

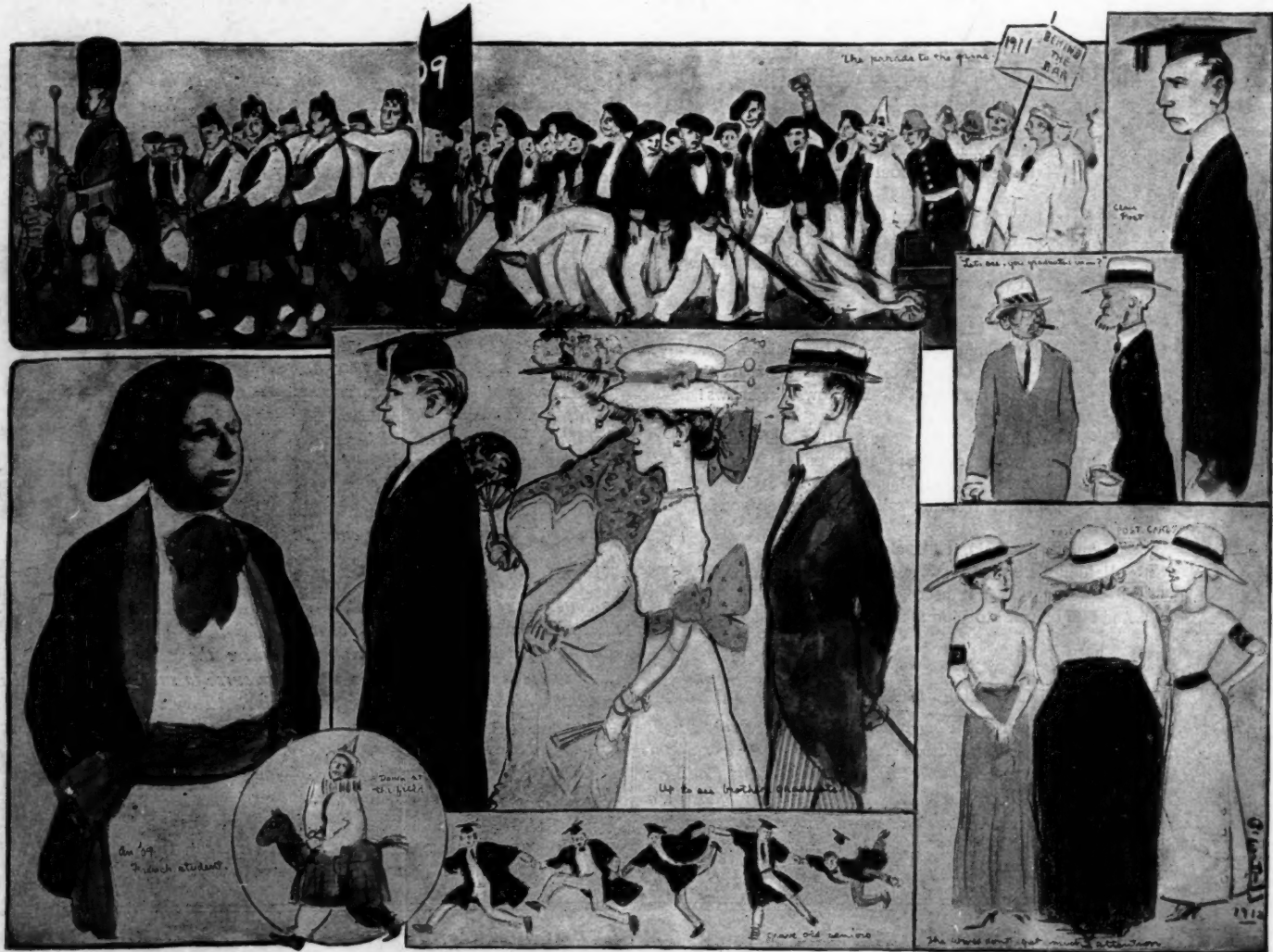
PARK HOBBO.—Will you take my seat, madam?

PROOF.

THE LADY.—You must admit the hand of woman makes the world look brighter.

THE BATCH.—That's right. Four queens looked awful good to me in last night's game!

AN Optimist is one who can console himself with the thought that it might have been worse.



SOME REMINISCENCES OF COMMENCEMENT DAY.

THE HUSBAND OR THE PUP?



I.  
MRS. STRONGMIND.—Yes, my dear, he is perfectly trained. He always obeys. Hop, now, hop!



II.  
"OH!"



"YES, SIR," declared the General Manager to the reporter who was interviewing him, "we're in business to please the—excuse me, there's my 'phone—Hello, hello, why, HELLO, Baby, is that you? Busy? Sure I'm busy, but I always have time to talk to you—"

"Oh," said the reporter to himself, "this is interesting." "I always like to hear your sweet voice. So you're going down to the seashore next week!"—the reporter's eyes were bulging now—"going to play in the sand? Well, be a good little girl, and when I come down I'll bring you a nice express-wagon that I—"

"Gee!" said the reporter to himself, softly, but in a disappointed tone.

"I SEE that the average earnings of the members of the Class of 1902 at Princeton are \$3,700 a year. That's going some for only ten years out of college."

"It certainly is. How in the world do you suppose they ever got the figures?"

"Got the figures? Why, by asking the men, of course."

"Oh! By the way, do you know what my two partners' chaffeurs are making? \$300 a month!"

"Does n't seem reasonable. I can hardly believe it. How did you find it out?"

"Asked 'em."

IF you want to acquire a reputation for prodigious shrewdness in Wall Street matters just be a bear, first, last, and all the time. Anybody can be a bull—pretty nearly everybody who mixes up in Wall Street affairs is a bull. So that to be a bull, even if the market happens to go up, does n't bring you any particular glory or honor as a prophet. You have n't been any more right on the market than hundreds of others all around you.

But to be a bear, a real dyed-in-the-wool, no-good-in-anything bear—that's a different proposition. They don't like you when the market is going up and you smile in a superior manner and tell them just to wait, but they do respect you none the less. And after a while, when the inevitable

break comes, and you throw out hints of being short of this stock and that, the declines in which are ruining the poor devils all around you—ah, that is the time to lie back and enjoy yourself and puff measuredly on your big cigar and smile cynically at the blackboard.

What a lovable trait in human nature it is! Verily saith the philosopher: "In the misfortunes of our friends there is something not altogether displeasing to us."

A COUPLE of months after that memorable day, to Smith, when his stop-order was reached and they sold him out, he showed up again at his brokers' with a smile on his face and a new check-book sticking out of one of his side-pockets. "The firm" were n't glad to see him. It meant business to them, and more commissions, but this firm is n't the same as many others. They knew that Smith couldn't afford to speculate, and they did n't want his "business."

"I've got some money I want to invest," Smith began briskly. "Two weeks ago I made up my mind that the whole market was a purchase, and so I put a little mortgage on my house out in Jersey to raise some ready money. Now, what I want to know is, What would you advise me to buy?"

"I'm a great believer in mortgages as an investment," remarked the senior member drily. "Now, if you could pick up a good little mortgage on a suburban home out in one of those Jersey towns, I should say it was just the thing you—"

"I guess that'll hold him for a while," chuckled the senior member as the door slammed on Smith's retreating form.

A STEER sat on his haunches at one end of the enclosure reading a newspaper. What he read appeared to please him immensely. Every few minutes the smile on his face would break into a broad grin, and his fat sides would shake with laughter.

"Well," said the Hog, approaching him in a leisurely manner, "you appear to be most pleased about something. Considering the high cost of living, I don't see how you can feel that way about it. What's the joke?"

The Steer looked at him over the top of his newspaper. "You can't see how I feel that way about it?" he replied. "Why, look at the quotations: 'Steak 35 cents a pound, last year 25 cents;' 'roast ribs 30 cents, last year 20 cents;' 'tenderloin—' but what's the use of reading the rest of them? Can't you see, Hog, that I'm worth altogether too much to kill? Ha-ha, ha-ha!"

"So that's the way you figure it out, do you?" gruffly responded the Hog. "Change it to hee-haw, hee-haw! You ought to have been created a jackass instead of a steer!"

Franklin.

SERIOUS.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—The cost of living is becoming intolerable.

MRS. PARK.—You may well say so. I can no longer save enough out of my household expense-money to pay my bridge debts.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

CHAPPY.—Mabel, I swear those gloves fit you like a shoe—

MABEL.—Sir! How dare you insult me?

CHAPPY.—Oh, really, I beg pardon—I meant to say your shoes fit like a glove.

MABEL (beamingly).—Now you're trying to flatter me!



AN INSPIRATION.

HOUSEHOLDER (awakened at 2 a.m.).—Who is that knocking down there?  
JAGGS.—'s Opportunity!

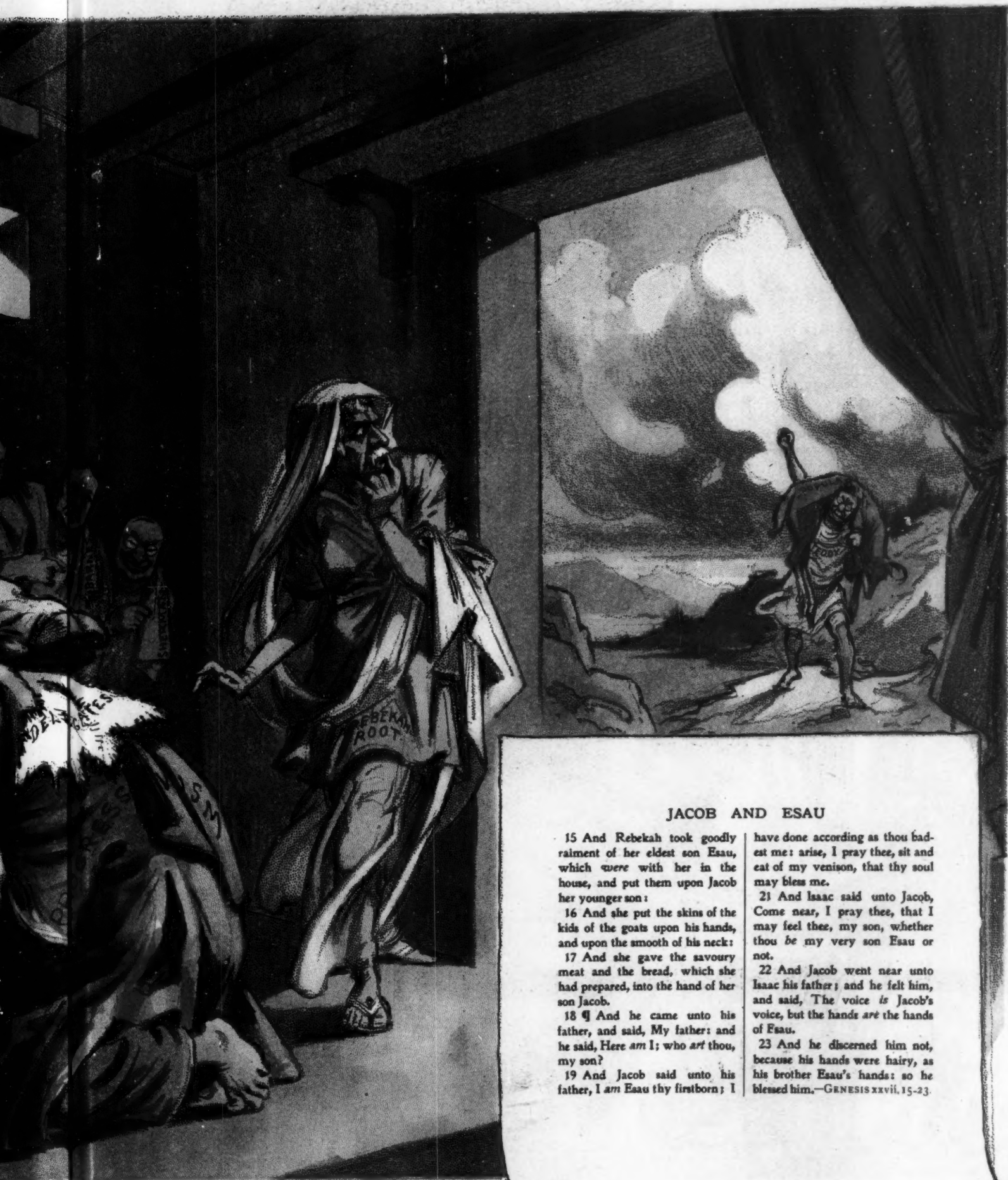
Trying to maintain a reputation for being a good fellow has bankrupted many an otherwise clever man.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE REVIVAL OF AN AN





JACOB AND ESAU

15 And Rebekah took goodly raiment of her eldest son Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them upon Jacob her younger son:

16 And she put the skins of the kids of the goats upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck:

17 And she gave the savoury meat and the bread, which she had prepared, into the hand of her son Jacob.

18 ¶ And he came unto his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I; who art thou, my son?

19 And Jacob said unto his father, I am Esau thy firstborn; I

have done according as thou badest me: arise, I pray thee, sit and eat of my venison, that thy soul may bless me.

21 And Isaac said unto Jacob, Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or not.

22 And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him, and said, The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

23 And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands: so he blessed him.—GENESIS xxvii. 15-23.

"LATE AT NIGHT."

WHEN I come home quite late at night,  
I find the porch without a light,  
And sister Mary there in bliss,  
Her chair hitched up to one like this—



But as I step upon the walk  
They suddenly begin to talk,  
And just as if I had said "Scat!"  
Their chairs now fall apart like that—



H. D. Kitson.

KIND HEARTS AND SIMPLE FAITH.

HERE was a time when the only interest in China and the Chinese was the careful preservation of laundry-checks and an occasional raid on a fan-tan joint. The only Chinese words well known in our land were "Formosa Oolong"—"English Breakfast" not being definitely of Oriental origin. Most people thought Li Hung Chang was a Japanese. And only the American Society of Foreign Missions was absolutely sure of the location of Peking, even after consulting a map. The principal industry of the Empire—aside from adulterating tea and making fire-crackers—was considered to be the consumption of opium.



This state of ignorance is passing. We know now that China and the Chinese are not so mysterious as they had been thought. We know that China has a national debt, renewed and increased every year in a wholly civilized manner; that it has its political bosses, ward leaders, and repeaters at the polls; that Chinese gentlemen go to the joss-house and make offering to Buddha, and then go home and beat their wives; that the world revolves just as fast upon an axis of rice-wine as of Jersey lighting; and that China has its own George Ade, Booth Turkington, and Robert W. Chambers—and probably likewise a Ladies' Home Journal. The money-lenders of six great nations, having learned what a really up-and-coming country the Chinese have, are willing to lend China about \$300,000,000. They are more than willing; they insist on it; and they will fight any others who say them nay on this generous impulse. As the loan-offices advertise, this money will be loaned "quietly," "on easy



A DROP TOO MUCH.

MISS PUDGY.—My, but there's a terrible swell to-day! How do yer put on a life-preserver, Poicy?  
MR. MCMANUS.—Oh, easy! Just like a shoit. Over yer head an' let 'er drop down around yer waist.

terms," "without asking embarrassing questions," and "the principal can be paid when convenient." It seems that the "six Powers"—United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan—have hearts simply overflowing with kind intentions toward the Chinese. They want to demonstrate what good fellows they are when a friend is a little bit thin at the purse. If you were the Chinese, reader, would you not learn to love these gentle playmates who are building battleships as fast as the shipyards can turn them out? Yes—you would not.

ON THE TRAIL WITH THE POLICE-DOG.



"WHEN HE SNIFFS LIKE THAT, THERE IS SOMETHIN' DOIN'!"



"GEE! IT'S ONE OF THEM RIVER MYSTERIES!"



"I'LL HAVE TO GET A BOAT AN' ROW OUT TO HIM."



"I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO—THE PIRATE!"



"I'M ONLY BOBBIN' FER REELS, BOSS! HAVE A LITTLE BAIT?"



"HE'S THE GREATEST DOG FER SMELLIN' OUT CLUES YOU EVER SAW!"

QUALIFIED.

AND why do you think," asked the President-elect, "that you would be an ornament to the diplomatic corps?"  
"Sir," replied the applicant for honors, with pardonable pride, "for four years I have held down the job of directing a church choir!"



SIMPLE HOME REMEDIES.

STRANGER IN TOWN.—Say, what's good to take for a cold?  
NATIVE.—Oh, quinine and whisky, or quinine and brandy, or quinine and rum, or quinine and gin—and say—you want to be darned careful about the quinine—it's powerful stuff.

CHICKENS.

CHICKENS are the most dad-busted, uncertainest creatures that walk the family acre. Not the kind of chickens this lady who is wearing O. Henry's kimona—beg pardon, mantle—writes about, but our old, familiar, feathered friends.

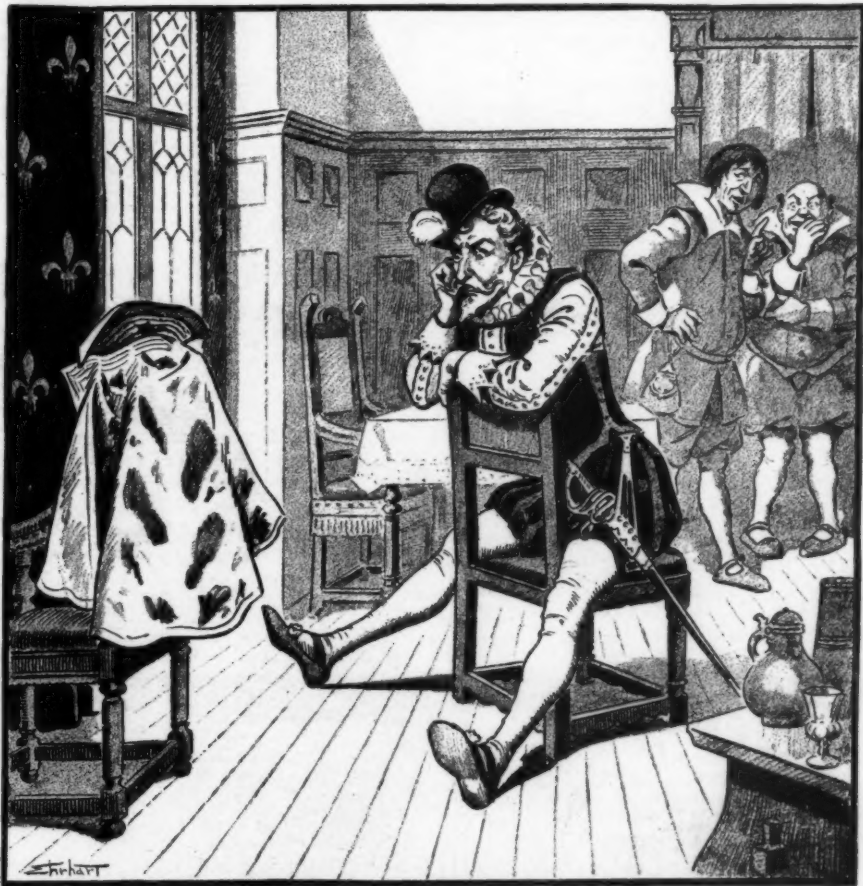
Never raised any? Well, you will, all right. Most universal pursuit in this whole wide world, outside of paying ice-bills. Merchant, banker, broker, farmer, city man, commuter—almost everybody tries to raise chickens at some time or another. Looks easy, that's the deceiving part of it.

And it is easy, after you learn one thing: Little chickens don't know anything, medium-sized chickens don't know anything, big chickens don't know anything. If there is any change of an intellectual nature as the size increases, the big ones know less, if possible, than the little ones.

If there is a wire partition in your pen, with an open door at one end, the chickens will try to plunge through the wire instead of going round and walking through the door. In the course of time, when the birds get heavy, they will hang themselves trying to do this if you don't watch them.

Hen chickens are more valuable than roosters, because they can lay eggs if they will. But if you take a dozen small chickens, and raise them carefully, it is always surprising how many of them turn out to be roosters. Sometimes they will sprout tail feathers at the very last minute, just when you are thinking they ought to be ready to lay eggs.

At this time you must get busy with the barnyard guillotine, or axe, as it is familiarly called. In killing a chicken it is a thoughtful thing to take the doomed bird back of the barn where the rest of the flock cannot see you cut its head off. While chickens are not sensible, they are



WHEN ELIZABETH WAS QUEEN.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (ruefully).—And it was brand new but yesterday! Methinks it doth not pay to be so darned polite.

very sensitive. They dislike to see a fond relative or friend lying around with its foolish head severed from its body.

When they witness a sight like this, a slight pall will hang over the rest of the flock for fifteen minutes. During this period the remaining uncles, brothers, sisters, nieces, and cousins will regard you with deadly suspicion. They are almost certain, in their vacillating, guileless manner of thinking, that you did the deed, for they saw you with your little axe.

But chickens are not vengeful. They will not hold a grudge against you long. By the time they get hungry again they will come and eat out of your hand. You can even feed them part of the deceased father-in-law, or whatever he was, if you wish.

Robert C. McElravy.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

ONE of the earliest wonders of childhood is, Why grown-ups are such cowards? If Jimmy Blunt thinks Tommy Dubb is a shady citizen, he tells Tommy quite frankly that he is a liar and a coward and a thief and a yellow pup, and that he can "whip him on less ground than it will take to bury him," and that if he dares stick his toe across the dead-line he will get his face spoiled.

Jimmy hears his father say at home that John Dubb is a rascal and a sneak and a liar, and gets his appetite all whetted for a fight, and goes out to watch them come together. Imagine the boy's infinite disgust, when Dubbs comes along, to see his father put out his fist and shake hands, and go on up the street with him—telling him funny stories.

Of course, Jimmy can see it but one way—his father is a coward and afraid to tell old Dubbs what he thinks of him.

And little Dorothy soon discovers that her mother will waste a whole afternoon being nice to women who "simply bore her to death"—too much of a coward to tell them to take their hateful old doll-rags and go home; too much of a coward to even get up and say "I don't want to play any more," and go off by herself. No, her mother is afraid to do that, for it would offend them, and she does not want to do that for fear they will quit coming to bore her.

This swearing in the closet and smiling on the housetop puzzles the child who can see but one explanation—that all grown-up people are afraid of each other. It has not arrived at the state of discretion which enables it to understand that our greatest heroes smile and smile and listen to the villain still—for the sake of business.

William H. Hamby.

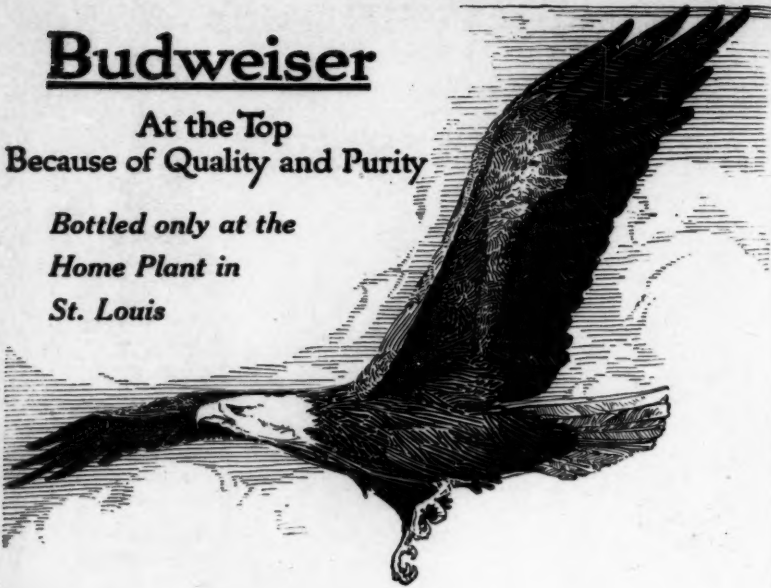
REMOSE is when Conscience insists on the last word.

The disadvantage of being hard to please lies in the possibility that other people may stop trying.

# Budweiser

At the Top  
Because of Quality and Purity

Bottled only at the  
Home Plant in  
St. Louis



## The Anheuser-Busch Brewery

Covers an area of 140 acres of ground, equal to 70 city blocks, upon which are located 110 individual buildings.

CAPACITY		TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES	
Brewing Capacity	2,500,000 barrels per year	Refrigerator freight cars	1,500
Malting Capacity	2,000,000 bushels per year	Horses at home plant	143
Bottling Works	1,000,000 bottles daily	Wagons at home plant	78
Grain Storage Elevators	1,750,000 bushels	Auto Trucks at home plant	74
Stockhouses (for lagging)	600,000 barrels	Horses at Branches	483
Steam Power Plant	12,000 horse power	Wagons at Branches	430
Electric Power Plant	4,000 horse power	Auto Trucks at Branches	47
Refrigerator Plant	4,000 tons per day		
Ice Plants	1,200 tons per day		
Coal Used	325 tons per day		
FREIGHT		EMPLOYES	
Inbound and outbound	50,000 cars per year	At St. Louis Plant	6,000 people
		At 36 Branches	1,500 people

Total Sales, 1911 — 1,527,832 Barrels  
Budweiser Bottled Beer Sales, 1911 — 173,184,600 Bottles

### THE FISHERMAN AND THE SPECTATORS. A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN FIVE PICTURES.



#### I. EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

#### PERTINENT ADVICE.

He was only a young commercial traveler, and had not been on the road for many months. When, therefore, it chanced that he found himself short of funds he scarcely knew what course to take. After much hard thinking he resolved to let the office know his sad plight. From the nearest post-office he despatched a wire: "Have run short of ready money. Please write me here." But the following morning brought no reply to his appeal. Patiently he waited for the second post, but nothing came. Again he resolved to wire, this time more urgently: "No money. How shall I act? Wire reply." Almost before he had reached his hotel again the telegraph-boy had brought a reply. Hastily the young commercial tore open the envelope and read: "Act as if you were broke."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

#### IMMUNE.

He laughed with glee, and said, said he,  
"I care not; no, not I.  
The price of beef brings me no grief,  
Let it go to the sky;  
And butter may go all the way  
To sixty cents a pound,  
While folks may beg to get an egg,  
Serene I shall be found.

"Were folk like me you'd quickly see  
Food prices take a fall;  
For Trusts so bold, with goods unsold,  
Would soon begin to crawl,  
They'd make a flop and rates would drop,  
Be cheap as cheap could be;  
The way to bust each wicked Trust  
Is to become like me.

"I do not care for food that's rare,  
Care not for food that's plain;  
Why, its mere sight upsets me quite,  
To taste it gives me pain.  
What do I eat? I simply heat  
Some water in a pan,  
And melt in it a gluten grit—  
I've got dyspepsia, man!"

—*New York Press.*

VISITING CHAPLAIN. — Ah, my brother, this world is full of trials.  
PRISONER. — Oh, dry up, gov'nor! Think I dunno that? It ain't the trials I minds; it's the verdicts.—*Sketch.*



Our  
Ancestors  
Knew

Old Overholt  
Rye

"Same for 100 years"

It had a place on the side-boards of old-time mansions. It's a whiskey of pedigree. Full, rich body; exquisite flavor and fragrance. Aged in charred oak barrels; bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



THE BATHING HOUR AT SEA BREEZE

#### FROM STIFLING TENEMENT TO SEASHORE and COUNTRY



HEAVY LOAD ON  
A HOT DAY

Do you know that the New Yorker living below Fourteenth Street has an average of only 18 square feet of breathing space? Can you imagine anyone more in need of fresh air outings than these dwellers in sultry homes, hemmed in by scorching pavements?



HOW THE WAVES TICKLE  
MY FEET

Neither opportunity nor money is theirs with which to seek pure air. For them fresh breezes and outdoor freedom are made impossible by congestion. Every penny of their small earnings goes to satisfy pressing needs.

Poor mothers, children and babies, broken with toil, ill-nurtured, or frail, appeal through us to you for a bit of sunshine and relief from care in the country, or at Sea Breeze, our seashore Home at Coney Island.



NO PLAYTIME  
FOR HER

Won't you help them? The trouble of sending a contribution is nothing compared to the joy that it will bring to some of these stifling homes.

#### NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING,  
President



A HAPPY LITTLE  
MOTHER

#### SUGGESTIONS

A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday school or club.  
A card party at your summer hotel or camp.  
A subscription among your friends.



IN NEED OF  
FRESH AIR



WHO SAID WE ARE  
AFRAID?

Send contributions to  
ROBERT SHAW MINTURN  
Treasurer  
Room 207  
105 East 22nd Street  
New York City

## A Thirst Goes With Every Sport

Be prepared to satisfy it in the happiest way by taking along a supply of

# Evans' Ale

It keeps one alive to all the thrills and raptures of an outing and provides a pleasure that is a revelation to the uninitiated. Makes happy outing days a grand reality—with accrued benefit.

Get it anywhere, drink it everywhere.  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



### SELF-EVIDENT.

LIZ.—Wot makes 'em go up in the air, them things?

ALF.—W'y the blinkin' hinjin, yer silly kid.

LIZ.—Well, ain't motors got hinjins?

ALF.—Corse they 'as, but they ain't got no wings, 'ave 'em?

LIZ.—Then it's the wings as makes 'em go up, ain't it?

ALF.—Pawtly. Well, it's like this: They runs along the grahd an' then the wind gets under the wings, and hup they go! See?

LIZ.—Wunnerful, ain't it?

ALF.—Jest abaht.

LIZ.—An' 'ow do they come dahn, then, Alf?

ALF.—W'y, stop the hinjin, o' corse.

LIZ.—But 'ow can they git the wind aht from under the wings?

ALF.—Well—f'rinstance—well, 'ow does a bird do it?

LIZ.—I dunno.

ALF.—You seen a bird, I s'pose, ain't yer?

LIZ.—'Eaps.

ALF.—An' you seen a bird come dahn, I s'pose?

LIZ.—Oh, yus, I seen that.

ALF.—Well, then, don't arst sich silly queschuns!—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### ONE ON THE DOMINIE.

Among the members of a fashionable club are a doctor and a minister who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions. As they met one day the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Cunningham," adding (as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend, the doctor): "Is he much worse?"

With the gravest expression the physician replied: "He needs your help more than mine."

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is he as bad as that?"

"Yes; he is suffering from insomnia."  
—*Exchange.*

### Put the Hat in the Ring

Everybody is doing it!  
Doing what?  
The Great Presidential Puzzle.  
Wonderful clever and catchy puzzle.  
Sent postpaid for only 15c.

Box 869 HEMMING & HEMMING, New Haven, Conn.

## On Lake George The Sagamore

LAKE GEORGE, the grandest lake in the State of New York, unsurpassed scenery, a marvel in beauty, and the gateway of The Adirondacks.

### The Sagamore

meaning "Big Chief," a hotel emphatically unique in arrangement, a place you must see, stay awhile, meet the people and you will not want to leave; contentment will be your lot. Try it, and ask those who have been there. Finest Automobile roads in the section; rest, quietness and plenty to do at the same time.

T. Edmund Krumbholz,  
P. O. Sagamore, N. Y.

The Kirkwood, - - - Camden, S. C.  
Hotel Montclair, - - - Montclair, N. J.

### HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

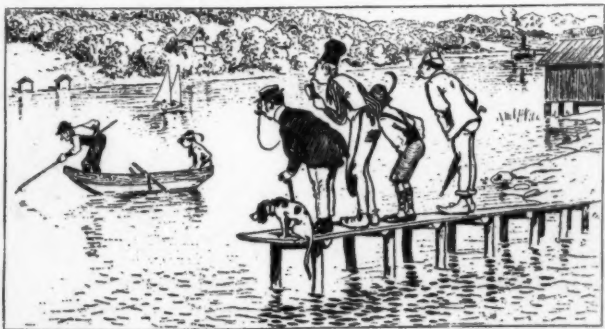
#### PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

### ANOTHER OBJECTION.

SHE.—What is your principal objection to the Suffragettes?

HE.—Well, they look as though they would make better fathers than mothers.—*Philadelphia Record.*



II.  
DOING IT

Automobile Eye Insurance needed after Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye Remedy freely applied Affords Reliable Relief. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.

### DECIDEDLY HANDICAPPED.

AUNT NANCY.—Think of studyin' to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.

YOUNG MAN.—Why not, aunty.

AUNT NANCY.—You can't git no practice 'till ye git married, an' ye can't git married 'till ye git practice, that's why.—*Exchange.*

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

## CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.  
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



### SCIENCE SCORES AGAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm.

FARMER.—Did you catch my laborers in motion?

PHOTOGRAPHER.—I think so.

FARMER.—Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

Lawn Parties  
are Now in  
Order



Also  
Subscriptions to

# Puck

The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☐ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☐ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☐ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☐ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does not handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck  
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name .....

Address .....



III.  
DOING IT—

**A GOOD JUDGE**  
of fine whiskey will pronounce

# HUNTER

## BALTIMORE

# RYE

a perfect product of the still,  
because whiskey cannot be more  
carefully made, aged and perfected

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON Baltimore, Md.

**MODERN MAUD.**  
Maud Muller, on a summer night,  
Turned down the only parlor light.  
The judge, beside her, whispered things  
Of wedding bells and diamond rings.  
He spoke his love in burning phrase,  
And acted foolish forty ways.  
When he had gone Maud gave a laugh  
And then turned off the dictagraph.  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

**PROFESSIONAL AFFINITIES.**  
"There goes a happy couple."  
"How did she happen to marry  
him?"  
"Oh, they had common interests.  
She was a brick-throwing Suffragette  
and he was a professional bondsman."  
—*Kansas City Journal.*

**KNOW HOW TO FARM**



The following valuable country life books have recently been completed and added to this practical series.

**APPLE GROWING—**  
M. C. Burrill. Includes kinds to raise. Location of orchard, care of trees. Harvesting, marketing.

**THE HORSE, His Breeding, Care and Use—**  
David Buffum. Thoroughly practical. Specially designed for owner of one or two horses.

**PRACTICAL POULTRY KEEPING—**  
R. B. Sando. Comprehensive manual of instruction for raising poultry on large or small scale.

**PROFITABLE BREEDS OF POULTRY—**  
A. S. Wheeler. Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Mediterraneans, Orpingtons, etc.

Purchase from bookstores or direct at 70 cents a copy. By mail, add 5 cents for postage. Send for free Outing Handbook catalogue.

**OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
OUTING MAGAZINE  
1200 WEST 30th ST NEW YORK

**Smoker's Delight — Matchless — Pocket Lighter**  
Not a luxury—an absolute necessity. Exceeds any dollar lighter. Does not tear pocket. Safety pocket-clip, a guarantee against loss. Never fails to ignite. Dainty, safe and sanitary. Ornamental and indestructible. Satisfaction guaranteed or back goes your money. Salesmen Wanted. **25c**

**AMERICAN PYROFOR CO., 5844 Calumet Ave., Chicago**

**AN ARTFUL DODGER.**  
"Papa," said Georgie, "it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma."  
"She has n't complained."  
"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and they are a good ways off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in such a dreadful hurry."  
"Not often, I fancy."  
"Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for baking, and finds at the last minute she has n't any yeast, or she gets a pudding all mixed and finds she has n't any nutmeg or something; and then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is all ready, and maybe visitors are coming, and I can't run a very long distance, you know; and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."  
"Humph! Well, what can you do about it?"  
"I was thinking you might get me a bicycle."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

**THE GENUINE ARTICLE.**  
"I understand that Mr. Grabwell started in life by borrowing fifty dollars. You must admire a man with courage like that."  
"No, sir, I don't," replied Mr. Growcher. "The man I admire is the one who had the courage to lend him the fifty."—*Washington Star.*

THE CHAMPAGNE  
OF BOTTLED BEER

# HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER—MILWAUKEE

**SKEPTICAL DOLLY.**  
A little girl came to her father one day and said her dolly was very sick.  
"Send for the doctor," suggested the father.  
"I did, but he could n't help her," said the child.  
"Give her a drink of water," again suggested the father.  
"I did, but she could n't swallow it," said the child.  
"Well," said the father, "I guess you will have to try Christian Science."  
"I did," said the child, "but she could n't swallow that, either."—*Kansas City Star.*

**TRUTH AT LAST.**  
"I'd like to get off to-day," said the office-boy.  
"What's the matter?" asked the boss. "Grandmother dead?"  
"No, she's not dead, by any means. I want to take her out to see the ball game."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## KREMENTZ

stamped on the back of a collar button indicates the perfection of workmanship found only in the

### Genuine Kremenz Collar Buttons

and protects you against imitations. Unbreakable from wear. A new one free in exchange for every genuine Kremenz Button damaged or broken from any cause.

At all leading jewelers and haberdashers.  
Booklet showing different styles and shapes free.  
Kremenz & Co., 61 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.  
Mfrs. of Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons.



IV.  
EVERYBODY'S DOING IT—

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

An Eye Insurance Policy at Your Druggist's. Murine Eye Remedy Insures—Eye Health—Eye Comfort—Eye Beauty. Try Murine.

**MOTHER WAS PUZZLED.**  
A man, from his office down-town, called his wife by telephone the other morning, and during the conversation asked what the baby was doing.  
"She is crying her eyes out," replied the mother.  
"What about?"  
"I don't know whether it is because she has eaten too many strawberries or because she wants more," replied the discouraged mother.—*Indianapolis News.*

**HOTEL ST. DENIS** Broadway and 11th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

**HOME COMFORTS WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE**

This famous hotel has been renovated, redecorated, refurnished, and many modern, up-to-date appointments have been installed, and can be compared favorably with any in the city. The only first-class hotel near all steamship lines. Within easy access of every point of interest. Half block from Wanamaker's. Five minutes' walk of Shopping District. NOTED FOR:—Excellence of cuisine, comfortable appointments, courteous service, and homelike surroundings.

The very best accommodations in the city at **\$1.00 per Day Up.**

7 minutes from Grand Central Depot. 10 minutes to Leading Stores and Theatres.

**ST. DENIS HOTEL CO.** Also Stanwix Hall Hotel, Albany, N. Y.

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

## Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

*Refuse Substitutes.*

**AT ALL DEALERS.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprs.**  
Hartford New York  
London



# SUNNY BROOK

THE  
PURE FOOD  
WHISKEY

*Is Medicinally  
PURE!*

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

For Sale Everywhere



## This Swell Suit FREE

**Be Your Own Boss - \$10 a Day Easy - No Capital Needed - Thousands of Young Men Doing It. The Chance of Your Lifetime**

We have the most stupendous and gorgeous Agents Outfit you ever saw, all ready to ship to you, prepaid, without question, the moment we get your name and address on a postal saying: "Send me everything free."  
**Free Outfits Cost Us \$25,000**

It is utterly impossible for anyone who receives this outfit to fail to take orders for our snappy, hand tailored, made-to-measure suits, overcoats and pants. Experience unnecessary. Our catchy, up-to-the-minute styles and money saving prices just wipe out all competition. Orders pour in.

**Get Your Own Suit Free**

Dressed like a gentleman—showing the clothes you wear knocks out the very last obstacle.

**Send No Money**

Get proof first hand.

Compare our suit and our sample outfit with any other—see how much more attractive and classy are our stylish clothes and how easy we make it for you to take perfect measurements for clothes that set them all to talking. Also \$1,000 Cash Awards.

No matter who you're with compare ours—write now!  
**GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO.,**  
Dept. 65 Jackson Blvd.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



THE EYES HAVE IT.

Eyes of black, of brown, of blue,  
Oh, I've suffered long for you!  
Eyes of blue, of brown, of black,  
Eyes—with hooks adown the back!

—The Sun.

# MANHATTAN BEACH

"SWEEP BY OCEAN BREEZES"

## SURF BATHING

New York's Most Popular and Fashionable Resort By-the-Sea.

Where the temperature seldom varies from 70°. Within city limits; half hour by train; one hour by auto.

Unsurpassed Surf Bathing  
Deep Sea Fishing  
Celebrated Musical Concerts

New Tennis Courts  
Famous Out-Door Restaurant  
Boating and Sailing

AMERICA'S LEADING SEASHORE HOTEL

## ORIENTAL HOTEL

NOW OPEN. EUROPEAN PLAN.

Mercadante's Orchestra Morning and Evening.  
Auto Roads Direct to Hotel Entrance.  
Excellent Garage and Parking Accommodations.

JOSEPH P. GREAVES, Manager.

Booking Office, 243 Fifth Ave. Florida East Coast Hotel Co.  
Tele. 9230 & 9231 Madison Square.



v. Now! —Fliegende Blätter.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

## Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



INFALLIBLE  
WORKS QUICK  
WILL NOT SCRATCH

USED IN  
MILLIONS OF HOMES  
SAMPLE BOX FREE

Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Two nice young girls, out for early bargains, met in front of a store on the avenue.

"I saw you in church yesterday, dear," gurgled one.

"Oh, were you in church?" gurgled the other.

"Yes, love. And I noticed that you had at last made your husband accompany you to divine worship."

"Of course he went with me. He'd rather go to the theatre, but the theatres are n't showing anything on Sundays now. But he disgraced me."

"In church? How?"

"The rector read four chapters from 'The Acts of the Apostles.' And my husband insisted on getting up and going out after every act."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Railway.

THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.



THE SLAVE WHO HAD A GOOD MASTER.  
"Ah don't see no sense in dis heah 'mancipashun'. Ah don't want no freedom."



THE WOMAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING.  
"This woman-suffrage movement is awfully silly. I'm sure I don't want to vote."



THE DEADLY PARALLEL.